MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
2
CAMP | FRIGERI | BLEE
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WASHINGTON, DC.
JULY 4TH.
Say again? What kind of--?
BOOOOM
CRASH
Oh my god.
It's them! They hate our freedom! They'll kill us all!!!
BOOM
BOOM BOOM
KRACK
Run!!!
Stop! By the order of--
Ugh!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
CRUNCH
No! Please! Don't hurt my daughter!

You've got nothing to fear from *us*, ma'am. We just want the man in the *big house.*
What does the letter on his *head* stand for, Mommy?
...
Okay, Ultimates...
...let's go *save America.*

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EARLIER.
"Did you get what I asked for, Tony?"
Starting Holo-Program.

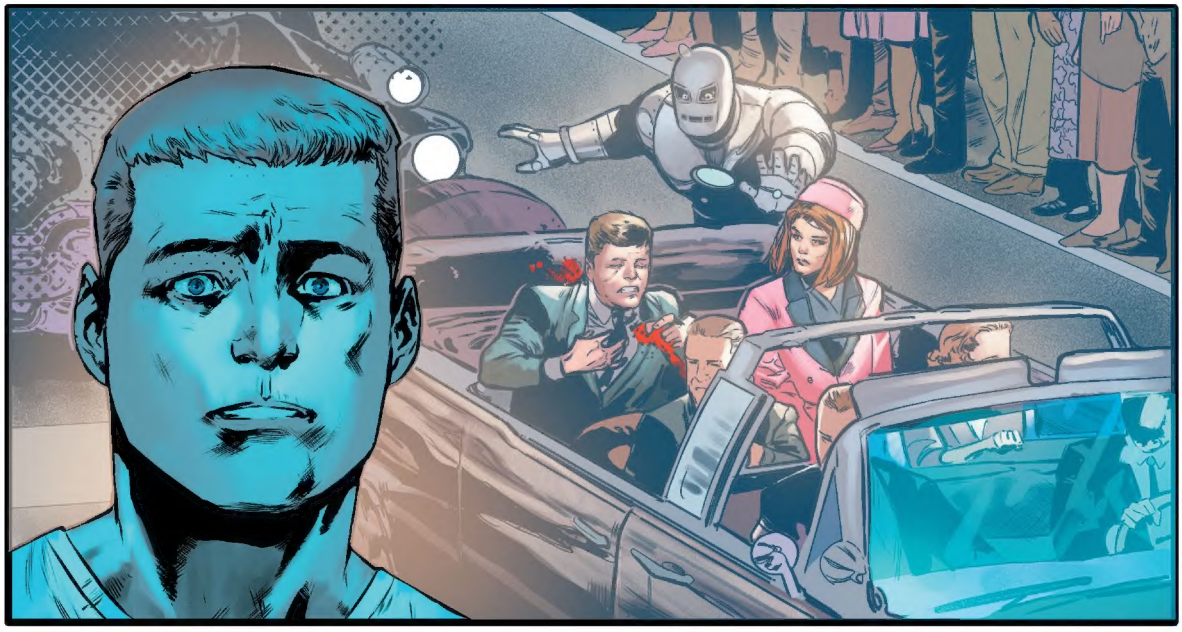
"Yes, Steve. From Papa Stark's *personal* files. But I just want to warn you...

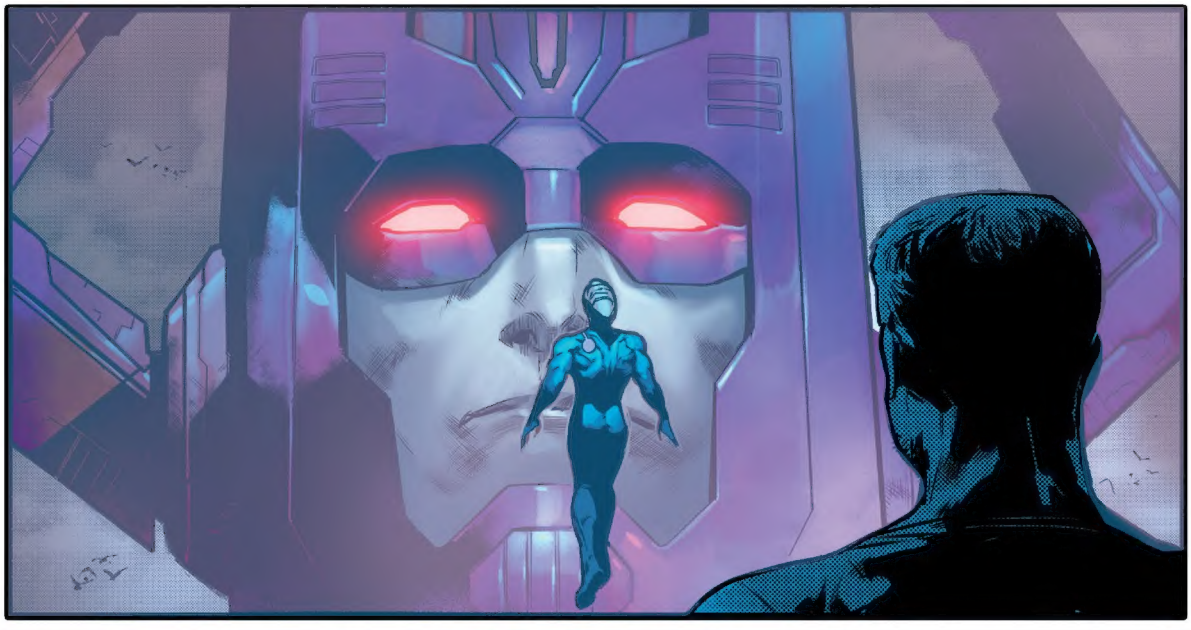
"...it isn't *pretty*."

"I understand."
"Okay. *Here.* From when you... *went away to today...*
"...in holographic *360 degrees...*
"...the history of the former United States of America."

Unh!
Oops!
Ahhh, get off--!
Uh!
CRUNCH
I'll give you a choice: *with*, or *through*.
Come in, come in!

Welcome to the White House--brought to you by Midas!

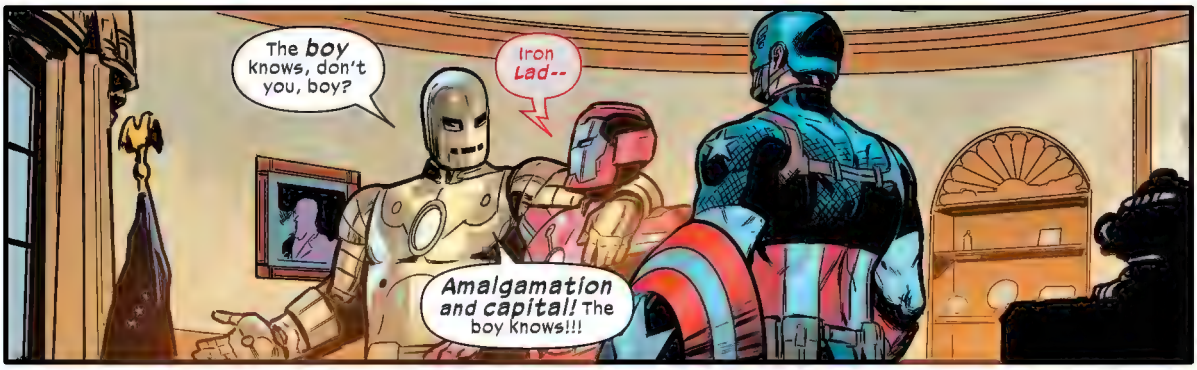


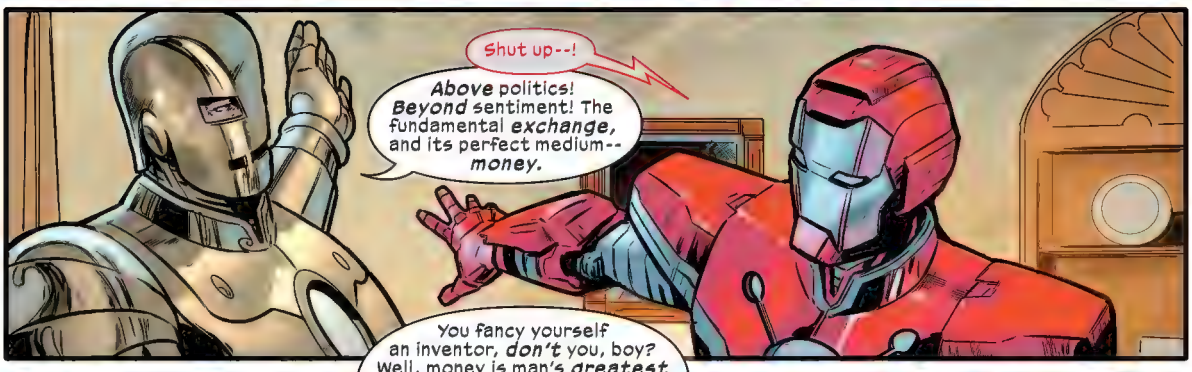


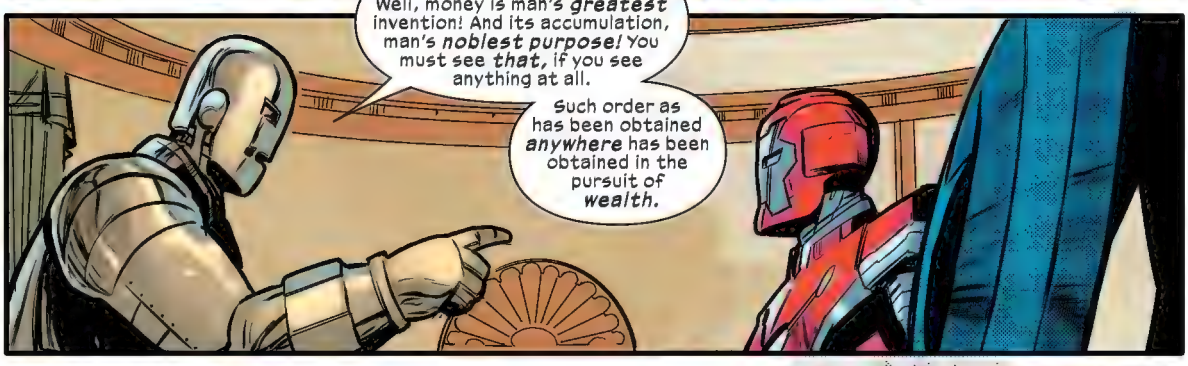
EARTH
WE ARE PEOPLE
EQUAL RIGHTS
EQUALITY FOR ALL

Hey! That armor--!
Steady, Iron Lad.
I thought you'd like it, boy! After your family's betrayal, the Stark assets were there for the grabbing. Though I've made it my own.
That was my father's first--
Yes, a genuine collector's item! Osborn got the lion's share, but I had to have this. I could not resist owning a piece of history.
Tony, he's just trying to throw you off-balance--
On the subject of history... "Captain America," correct?
Welcome to my home, Captain. You've been here before, I assume.
Once or twice.
I took her in a sweetheart deal in '63. Motivated seller. The only catch was that I had to get rid of the old tenant myself. Messy business, real estate.
Do you like what I've done with the place?
No. I do not.
Well... it's a free country.

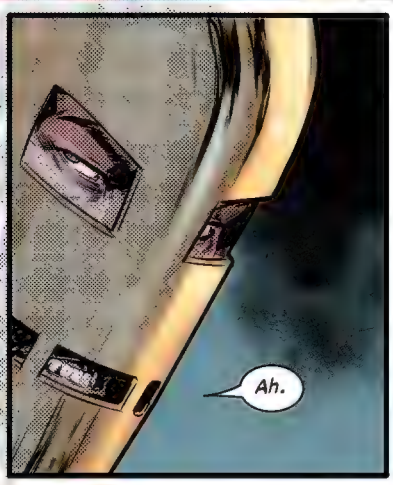
How many of them *are* there?!
Nothing *Wasp* and *Giant-Man* can't handle!
Now let's get down to *brass tacks,* gentlemen--my associates believe you and your *violent ideology* must be destroyed utterly. *Expunged from the earth.*
But I am a *businessman.* I do not *care* about ideology, violent or otherwise. So... *let's make a deal.*
No deals. We're here to save America.
HAHAHA!
Of course you are! But what *is* America?
Judging from the *colors* you wear, I suspect you take a narrow view. *My* vision is *wider.*
"America has *always* been more than the *United States.* Listen to these other old, forgotten names: *Central* America, *Latin* America, Canada, the Caribbean...
Just need to... catch...my breath.
By what? What *makes* America?
Commerce, Captain. That is the *real* America. The transmutation of *things* into *capital.*
"Each with its own countries, flags, governments and peoples. Separated by distance, language and culture. And yet *connected.*"

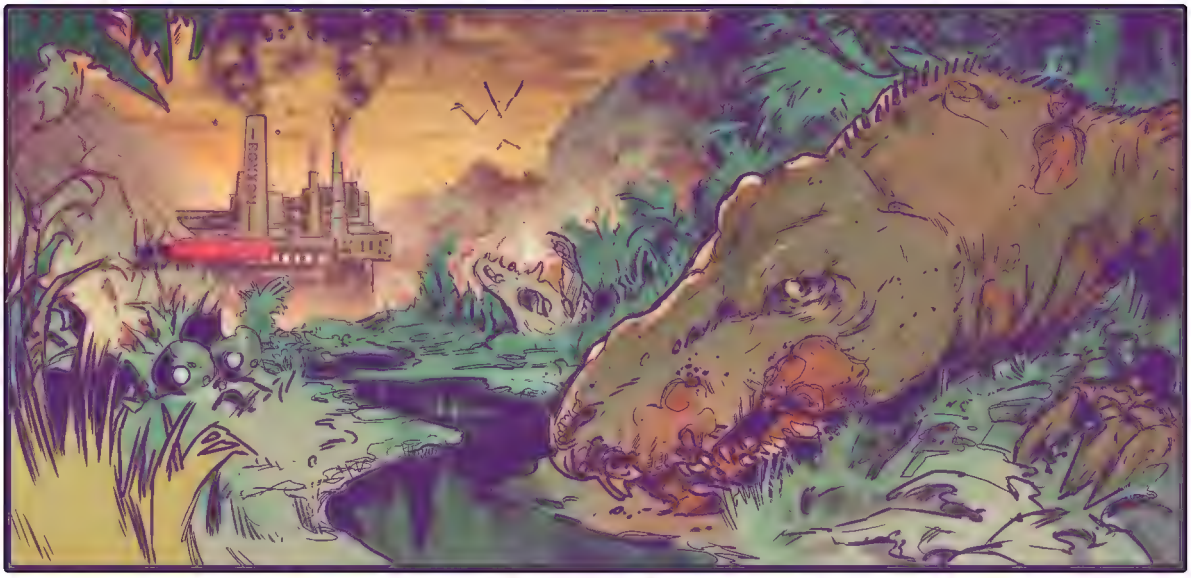

The boy knows, don't you, boy?
Iron Lad--
Amalgamation and capital! The boy knows!!!


Shut up--!
Above politics! Beyond sentiment! The fundamental exchange, and its perfect medium--money.


You fancy yourself an inventor, don't you, boy? Well, money is man's greatest invention! And its accumulation, man's noblest purpose! You must see that, if you see anything at all.
Such order as has been obtained anywhere has been obtained in the pursuit of wealth.

You sure like the sound of your own voice, don't you? Here's a deal: We know what you're doing in the basement. And we're putting a stop to it.
So...with or through?


Ah.



DON'T
WALK

This is private property! And I have the right to defend myself!
I should know, I paid extra for it!
Okay. Through.
Iron Lad! We're going through!
Oh. Right. Are you sure? It takes a lot of--
America? I am a member of the Hellfire Club in good standing-- an organization whose membership included several Founding Fathers!
CLANG
Don't speak to me of America!
Do it, Iron Lad!

KRAKOOOOOM
ZUUUUMM
My god.

Beautiful, isn't she? My *love.* My good-time gal. My bright and shining *star.*
That's *cosmic radiation* all around her--she produces it *naturally.*
I have bathed in her light for one hour per day, *every* day, since we found her. She has changed me, as all great loves do.
We believe she fell from the *future.* The victim of some sort of... *violent expulsion.* Or perhaps an escape gone wrong.
We don't know much. She's never spoken to us. Not one word. *Not even her name.*
Nevertheless, I am an *ultrapreneur.* I always find a way to turn a profit.
Wasp and Giant-Man are out. Iron Lad, take--
I can't. I tried to tell you--that took everything I had. I'm down to *basic functions.*
Power-saver mode activated.

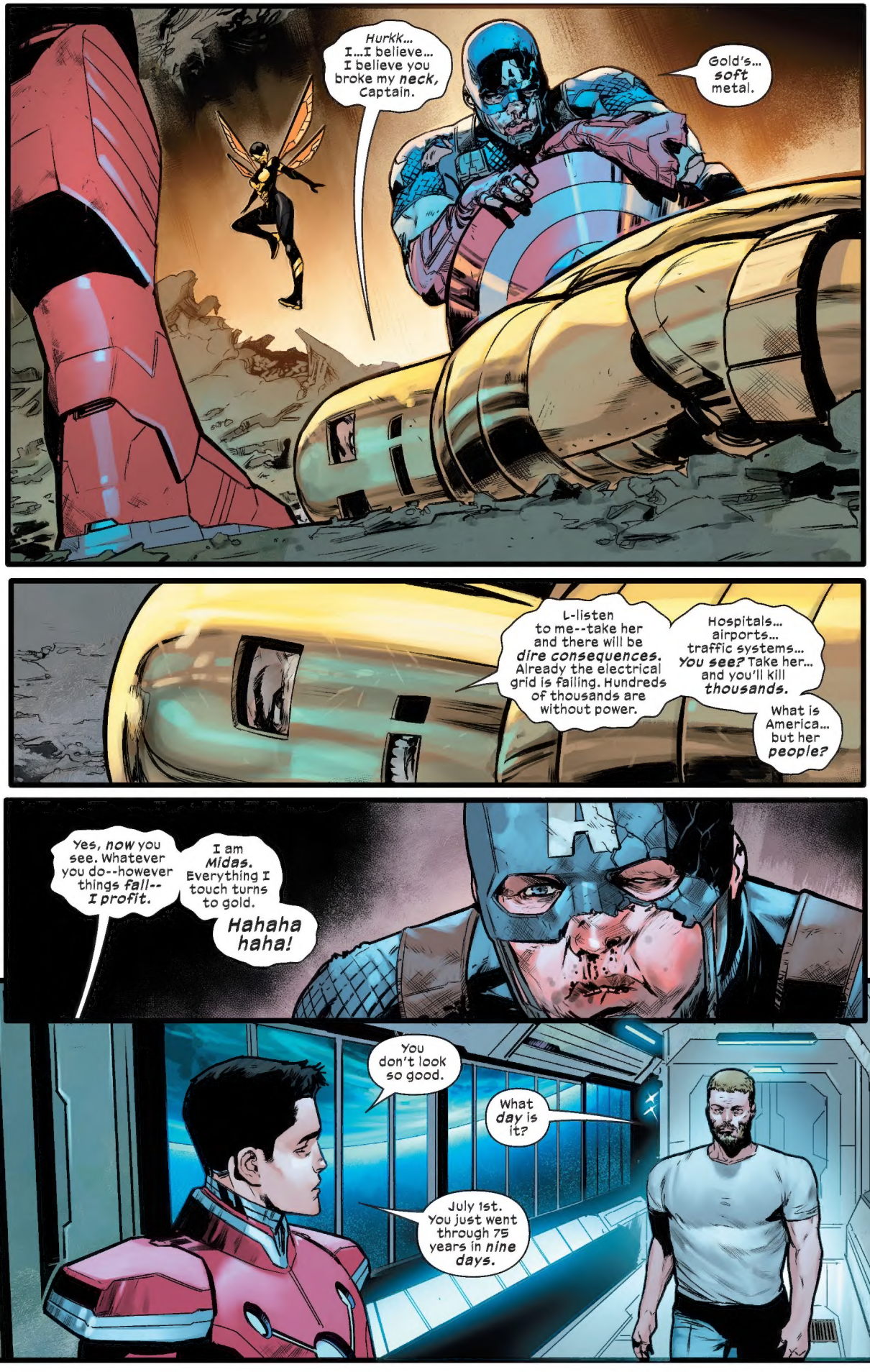
From her self-repairing clothes, we made a cosmic-ray shielding lighter than *cotton*, for use on interstellar space shuttles.
From compounds we found in her *blood*, we derived the cure for *all remaining cancers*-- Midas scientists are currently turning it into a lifelong *daily treatment* at $10,000 a dose...
And she's powering half of Maryland and Virginia. Not to mention this *armor*.
Here, Captain. *I give* you America.
CLANG
STARK STANE

ZAMMM
Have to...save... America.
Save it? You barely know the place!
The men who discovered America--Cortés, Columbus--these were pirates and warlords.
Hurk!
That's not a criticism! On the contrary! I'm not in the business of looking back in judgment. It's nothing to be ashamed of.
Ooooh...
It is the very nature of this land to be violated... for maximum value to be extracted.
Like ore from the earth.

Are your eyes so swollen you can't see where we are? Slaves *built* this place! Men and women were all but bought and sold on the White House lawn!
The United States was a fine idea for its time, but it *served* its purpose. We cut out what was *difficult* and kept only what was *profitable.*
Free... America...
We give them freedom from *want.* That's *real* freedom.
CRUNCH
The United States of America is dead! Long live the North American Union and Regional Subsidiaries!
Rolls right off the tongue. [redacted]...
By the way...
ZRRRTTTT
...gold is *tacky.*

SHZZUUUMMMMMM
NO!!!

He's lost his power source!
Quiet, boy! I'll kill you wearing your father's skin!
You cannot have her, you understand?!
She is mine! I love her!
Love her?
CRACK
Program complete.
You don't even know her name.


Hurkk... I...I believe... I believe you broke my neck, Captain.
Gold's... soft metal.
L-listen to me--take her and there will be dire consequences. Already the electrical grid is failing. Hundreds of thousands are without power.
Hospitals... airports... traffic systems... You see? Take her... and you'll kill thousands.
What is America... but her people?
Yes, now you see. Whatever you do--however things fall-- I profit.
I am Midas. Everything I touch turns to gold.
Hahaha haha!
You don't look so good.
What day is it?
July 1st. You just went through 75 years in nine days.

Unnnnnn...
It's okay, Miss. We're here to help.
Well, what's your verdict on the 21st century, Captain America?
A great injustice was done to you, but things will be *better* now.
Can you remember your name?

America...
SIXTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...